

The True Northerner,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL.
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BY T. R. HARRISON,
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One Dollar and fifty cents if not paid in six months.

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True Northerner.

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LAWTON BUSINESS CARDS.

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CLIPPINGS.

Persons residing in Paris are of the opinion that the star of the Emperor Napoleon is waxing dim. "The talent and intelligence of the country," say they are exceedingly hostile to the present system; the tradespeople are all Orleanists, and the workmen are getting very tired of the man of their choice. The speculators on "Change" who sincerely hope that the reign of Louis Napoleon may be a long one. "On the same authority it may be stated that the Legitimate party exists but in name."

A good anecdote of Professor Agassiz is told in a new volume in press at Boston. The Professor had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum, or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and habits of thought. The gentleman who had been deputed to invite him, continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society were ready to pay him liberally for his services. "That is no inducement to me," replied Agassiz; "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money."

They cut Buchanan poles down in Illinois to make bonfires with to celebrate the victory of Douglas. We think it probable they would pitch the old gentleman himself in also, if they could catch him among other suckers than those around the White House.—Prentice.

The editor of the Medina Gazette, giving an account of a dinner at the hotel in his village, says "we did our duty, by devoting a piece of fine, fat wild turkey which weighed over twenty pounds." We should think the editor had "did the land-lord" as well as his duty.

The Chicago Press of yesterday says that Hon. Charles Larrabee of the Third Congressional District of Wisconsin, has beaten his abolition competitor, Billingshurst, by some 1200 votes.

The Charleston Mercury styles Col. Jeff. Davis's Union speech at Boston as "Black Republicanism." If the Mercury is right, we must say the devil is not as black as he is painted.—Prentice.

At a "jumping match" at Grand Rapids the other day Mr. O. R. Wilmarth jumped clear 13 feet. He has jumped backwards 11 feet, and has never been beaten.

The people of Battle Creek are talking about asking the Legislature, to grant them a new and better charter.

Old School Presbytery.—The Michigan Presbytery (Old School) met on Monday, last week in Detroit.

POETRY.

HIAWATHA (I)

Should you ask us why this dunning,
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read the paper daily—
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of Church affairs and prospects,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction:
Read the table of the markets,
Carefully corrected daily—
Should you ask us why this dunning,
We should answer, we should tell you.

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper maker,
From the landlord, from the carrier,
From the man who taxes letters
With a stamp from Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him,
From them all there comes a message,
Message kind, but firmly spoken,
"Please to pay us what you owe us."

Sad it is to hear such message
When our funds are all exhausted,
When the last bank note has left,
When the gold coin all has vanished,
Done to pay the paper maker,
Done to pay the tolling printer,
Done to pay the landlord's tribute,
Done to pay old Sam, the carrier,
Done to pay the faithful mailer,
Done to pay old Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him.
Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us.
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of toilsome labor,
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant dunning,
Due in sums from two to twenty.

Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spicule from us?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper fair for us?
Send us money—send us money,
Send us money—send us money,
SEND US MONEY THAT YOU OWE US!

JOHN LEAKE AND THE PAUL OF WATER.

John Leake lived in the neighborhood of Mr. Curtis' Connecticut home. Order was not Leake's first law nor last. Though he was a good-natured, easy tempered, obliging man there was no one whom his neighbors so much dreaded seeing approach their homes. "There comes Leake to borrow something, they would say, and hoe, and hammer or rake were grudgingly lent, for they were certain that Leake would lose or forget the article, or at best return it minus the handle. A story went the rounds that Leake's next neighbor, out of patience, said to him:

"Yes, take the hoe; but you must use it only in my cornfield."

Time went on, and Leake's affairs ran down, as slack men's will and he decided to pull up stakes and move to Vermont, then a tract of unsettled and productive land, and called the "New State." Leake's Connecticut friends gathered about the great wagon in which his battered household goods and his wife and children were packed, and sorry they were at the last part with him. They now forgot his teasing faults, and felt only that he was a cheerful, kind-hearted fellow.

Rustic tokens of good will were offered at parting. The best of these was a bright axe, with a strong helve on which the giver's name and John's were both carved and painted and tied together with a lover's knot—an odd flourish for an axe helve.

"Take care of this John," said uncle Ben, the giver, "and it will be better than gold in the new State."

The axe fulfilled its mission, it did prove of more value to Leake than a world full of gold.

"No offence John," said another neighbor, taking a card from his pocket, "here is something that, if you will take it up over your fire-place and take heed to it, will be sure to make you a forehand man in the new State."

It was the good old household rule—"A time for everything and everything in its time; a place for everything and everything in its place."

Leake read it aloud, and then the good natured fellow said chuckling:

"Thank'ee neighbor, it's a pretty smart rod, but it shan't fall on a fool's back—I'll take care of it." And he deposited it in the crown of his hat, his usual place of safe-keeping.

"There it goes," said the giver to one of the by-standers; "that's the last of it Poor Leake!—you can't teach an old dog new tricks."

When the movers halted that day for their nooning, the first time John took his hat off he dropped uncle Ben's card without perceiving it. His son, Lyman Leake, did see it. Lyman, a lad of ten or eleven, was the very opposite of his father made so probably, by the same influence that makes the "light-headed daughter of the heavy-headed mother."

Some parents are examples, some aids are beacons. Lyman picked up the card, and probably thinking, "Father will never miss it, and never, never take care of it,"

he slipped it in his own little leather purse, which had also been given him for a parting token.

The little family arrived, after some mishaps (to be expected) such as losing their whip, leaving their halters and their water pail at a brook, etc., at their lodge in the vast wilderness. But in two years they got well ahead, in spite of Leake's destructive and obstructive habits; for he was a hard-working fellow. Fields were cleared and tilled around him; he had built a small frame house adjoining the log hut; neighbors had come in at no great distance, and a village was growing up not far from him.

In spite of good advice, he had connected a wood-house and stable with his house.

"Take care Leake," said a friend, "it needs a careful man to build so. A fire in winter up in this cold country is something dreadful; it's like gunpowder—a flash and all is gone."

"Oh, never fear," said Leake; "I have had my portion of ill fortune in this world; my luck has turned."

[Mr. Curtis often impressed on the children that what shiftless people call ill fortune and bad luck is but the inevitable consequence of their own imprudence or carelessness.]

It was during the third winter of the Leake's residence in their new home, that just at the close of a short winter's day—the merry tinkling of sleigh-bells, was heard, and the creaking of the runners on the hard frozen snow, and a little cutter (a single sleigh) stopped at Leake's. It was expected, the door opened, and shouts of joy followed, and glad greetings of "uncle" and "aunt," and cousins. "Uncle Ben" and his family had come from Connecticut to make a long protracted visit. When supper was ended the card bearing the domestic axiom caught Uncle Ben's eye. It was nailed to the wall over the mantle-piece.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, "well, I never expected to see that bit of postboard again. I give you credit mark for preserving that, John."

"You must give that credit mark to Lyman, brother, he preserved the card; but I care."

Uncle Ben smiled: "You," he said, you have taught him, John, but wrong end foremost—wrong end foremost. The unstinted fire of a new country burned brightly. A basket of fine apples from the old "home orchard in Connecticut" was unpacked, and nuts were cracked and eaten. The elder talked about old times. Leake gave the history of his toils on his new farm, and his successes. He told (he had some right to boast, for he had worked diligently) how much land he had cleared, what crops he had raised and concluded with—

"My barn is full; I have plenty of wheat, and corn, and oats in the loft over my wood house; and pork in my cellar; and my wife has taken care of the trinkets—butter, and apple-sauce, and pickles, and the like," and he ended his boast of rural riches with saying I guess, Ben, my old neighbors could not twist me now."

"Your old neighbors, John, always knew you for an honest, hard working man; it was only your careless ways, your want of order, that troubled us. You know that I used to tell you that if you put over so much meal in a bag with a hole in it, it would run away."

"Yes, yes, I know; and just so Lyman talks now. Among you, you put an old head on his young shoulders."

And thus the elders talked and the youngsters had their pleasure; the victors telling the wonders of jugglers, and wax-work show, and delight incident to their down-country advanced civilization, and the "New State" children relating adventures with bears and wildcats, and their own personal concerns with taming squirrels and catching rabbits, and finally the evening closed with a game of "forfeits," in which Lyman, having been sentenced to the penalty of "bowing to the prettiest, kneeling to the wittiest, and kissing the one he loved best," declared that all these dues were to his cousin Sally. His cousin Sally protested and resisted; the girls all joined her, and after scramble together, Lyman's oldest sister caught up a candle, called Cousin Sally to follow her, they made good their escape to the bed-room, and bolted Lyman out. Lyman retreated; the evening was far advanced and the Leake's and their guests separated for the night, but not till Lyman performed a duty that had been postponed by the arrival of his uncle.

While his mother was preparing her little affairs for the morning breakfast, Lyman went to the wood-house to split kindling for the morning's fires and having finished, he could not resist the temptation of showing his well-preserved axe to his Uncle Ben.

"The boy is a fool about that axe," said his father; "if it was made of gold he would not be more choice of it: he even hides it away from me that gave it to him."

Lyman looked at his uncle with a quite smile.

"Come, come, Lyman," said his father, "there's reason in the roasting of eggs; show your axe in here for to-night." He

opened the door of a little closet next to the fire place. "Don't go clear back to the wood house this cold night."

"A place for everything and everything in its place," replied Lyman, and the axe was returned to the wood-house.

"Now that's what I call superstitious," said his father, while he took from the open closet a splinter broom to sweep up the wide spread coals of the fire he had just raked. Just as he was finishing his wife called to him from the kitchen, and hastily throwing the broom into the closet he went to her.

"John," she said, "there is no water in the house."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why you know I never like to go to bed without a pail of water at hand."

"I know that is one of your superstitious," he said.

John Leake, in spite of all his experience, persisted in looking upon the provisions of foresight as "superstitious."

"Let it go, just for this one night, wife, it is dark, and biting cold, and the way up to the well is all shod with glassy ice."

"This bad," said his wife, meekly, and urged no more; but as she looked wishfully at the empty pail, she thought if she should chance to want water in the night, it would not be any better getting it and an anxious sigh escaped her. "Coming events" do sometimes seem to "cast their shadows before."

The family were soon all in bed, and in their first sleep, the profoundest of the night, but there is no sleep from which a mother cannot be awakened by a restless child and about one o'clock Mrs. Leake was aroused from her's by the nestling of her baby. She instantly awakened her husband with—

"John, do get up and see where this smoke comes from; the room is full of it."

The bed-room was off the setting room; the door was opened into it, and the moment Leake raised his head he saw a bright light shining through the crevices of the closet door into which he had thrown the splinter broom.

Some small coals had adhered to the broom which could sweep the hearth, and shut in the closet with very little air, they had been slow in kindling, but now they had kindled thoroughly, and when Leake sprang to the closet door and opened it, the broom was in a light blaze, and the heated partition had taken fire. John seized the broom and threw it on the fire place, and at the moment, the fire had made so little progress that a single pail of water at hand would have extinguished it.

"Oh! the pail of water!" shrieked Mrs. Leake. Leake thought with anguish of the empty pail, rushed to the kitchen for it and rushed to the well. The ground was descending to the house, and, as he said, "slippery as glass," and Leake fell. And again he let the bucket down to the deep well and filled his pail, and reached the house with it but the air had rushed in through the open door and blew up the fire like a furnace bellows. It would not now have felt twenty pails of water. The smoke filled the whole house and the crackling of the fire and the outcries of John and his wife had awakened the whole family, who had now come out—all excepting the two girls who had bolted themselves into the little bed, had talked together late into the night, and were now sleeping on, in spite of all the mischief danger and misery around them. Lyman rushed through the outer room filled with suffocation with smoke, and shrieked, "Annie! Sally! fire! fire!" There was no answer. In vain he banged against the door; it was too securely bolted—Quick as thought, he sprang to a window communicating with the wood-house, passed through it, and in a moment returned with his axe. The smoke had become fire—the room was blazing. But with Heaven's help and blessing, (he said he could not possibly have done it alone) in a breath the door was battered down, and in another breath the girls jumped from the window, unharmed, followed by Lyman.

The rapid consumption of a wood-house in the country in a cold, gusty night can scarcely be conceived of by those who have not witnessed it. There was but just time to extricate the horses and cattle from the stable when that as well as the house and wood house was enveloped in flames. All, as Leake's neighbor had forewarned him, went together, and in one mass of ashes lay the labor of many months—the dear old furniture of the Connecticut home, all the children's pretty things, food memorials and precious keep-sakes, that no toil, so kindness could make to them. "And all the dreadful loss," as Mr. Curtis would repeat to his listeners in the school, "for the want of a pail of water in the right place. And life saved by the axe being in the right place, instead of having been thrown into the closet, as Leake proposed beside the broom, by the careless use of which all the harm was done."

GONE UP.—The Corunna Democrat, a sickly Democratic sheet, immediately after publishing the recent election returns, expired. This gives the Owosso Times a full sweep, and if the people subscribe for it as they ought to, they will be filled with sound doctrine.

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From the Washington Union Nov. 7th.
Po an unwelcome finally Repudiated
wiza a's Organ offering Republican
country—A Rema katie Artical.

One of the great merits of the Dred Scott decision is the total extinguishment it gives to the dream of squatter sovereignty in the territories. It utterly negates the idea that there is any original jurisdiction or legislative authority in the Territory, and asserts that all authority therein is derivative, coming from without and not inherent in its inhabitants or tribunals. Its whole theory in regard to authority in the Territories is, that what Congress cannot do with respect to them, therefore their own tribunals, which are the mere agents and creatures of Congress, cannot do; that the supreme ultimate authority of the Territories reside outside of them, and not within. Thus the Supreme Court takes direct issue with the advocate of the squatter sovereignty doctrine, that the prime ultimate source of authority in the Territories is in its people within, and not with the United States without.

Those who entertain the later view of the origin of the authority in the Territories, derive it from a set of very vicious notions in regard to personal freedom and personal sovereignty, which are very prevalent among radical politicians. There are very sound, philosophic and just doctrines concerning popular sovereignty, and also very absurd, unsound and incendiary doctrines. The sovereignty which belongs to the people of an entire community or nationality in the aggregate, has two opposite extremes, which are equally in conflict with the true conservative idea of popular sovereignty. On one hand it is maintained that, because a nation possesses the attribute of sovereignty in the aggregate, usage may, for convenience sake, be concentrated all the sovereign functions in a single individual of a specific lineage, is king, monarch or the like. On the other extreme, it is contended that, because the people are sovereign in the aggregate, each particular individual member of the nationality is individually and severally sovereign in his own person and right as an integer man and not as a member of the community. Each of these extreme dogmas is alike hostile to the true idea.

The nation and not of the individual, and that each individual person is an integral participant of that sovereignty only as a member of the nationality—having no right on the one hand to usurp the entire sovereignty to himself, nor, on the other, to seize to himself his integral microscopic fraction of sovereignty and march off with it; but that, in the latter case, by his ex-patriation, he loses his integral individual share of sovereignty and becomes a wanderer, an adventurer, a pirate, or a colonist, as the case may be, until he joins himself to some nationality with its consent.

The radical, red republican, squatter sovereignty idea, prevalent among radical politicians, is very different from the one last stated. It is, that, as the people of each nationality are sovereign, the individual members of the nationality are each absolute sovereigns in their own persons, in all things affecting mere individuality, and many remain in the nationality in which they are born in full absolute possession of this individual sovereignty, or if expatriating themselves from it, carry along with them in indefeasible right this inherent sovereignty wherever they go.—The corollary of this doctrine is, that if no more than one single man go out from a State into unoccupied domain, he carries this inherent sovereignty on his back, and stamps upon his new territorial abode—much more, that if two or three of such sovereign come outers gather together in any unoccupied domain, or two or three thousand, or twenty or thirty thousand of them, they stamp their aggregate sovereignty on that territory. This then is squatter sovereignty, and its source is found in the red republican doctrine of absolute individual sovereignty, inherent in the integer individual and not derivative from his nationality. It has its origin in the same act of doctrines which give the negro slave the right of running away, married women the right to obey the allurements of passionate attraction, and make all governments the mere creature and bubble of the mob. The dogma of squatter sovereignty derive the supreme authority in new Territories from the few scattering adventures therein, good and bad, including the vagabonds and outlaws who have fled there from fear of punishment, quitted organized government from restlessness under its conservative restraints or sought that fortune beyond the limits of society, which their imprudence, want of thrift or want of honesty had lost them within it. Thus the dogma is not only derived from a vicious source, but rests on a vicious popular basis.

We might enlarge at great length upon the baleful results of erecting new States and governments in the domains of the Union on such vicious basis, upon principles derived from so radical an origin and so impure a political fountain; but our object embraces nothing more at present than merely pointing out the respective sources of the vicious and of the doctrine touching sovereign authority in the federal Territories.

We have seen that squatter sovereignty comes from the same fraternity of red-republicanism, abolitionism, woman's rights